

OS
505
88I8



Presented to
The Library
of the
University of Toronto
by

Arthur H. Stockwell Limited.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

I SEE THEM ALL

I SEE THEM ALL

by

JOHN CATTANA

ARTHUR H. STOCKWELL LTD.

Ilfracombe, Devon

75

8505

Agg 18

697313

18. 3. 50

C O N T E N T S

	<i>page</i>
Burial of a child	7
Look, a scenic view	7
It is the breadth and depth	9
Now's the whinnying time of night	10
I see them all	11
Harlequinade	12
Now when I scold the arrant hours	13
I will say the choice	14
To walk on melting ice	15
They say with Thee	16
O, painter you picture me	17
I made the small doll talk	18
This is the story	19
Unpastoral	20
It is the tear and death	21
The drummer who drummed taps	22
Igor Slavin	23
Ballad	28
Cæsar's mask	30
The pantomimist	32
The immigrants	33
The simplest of simple things	34

CONTENTS—*continued*

What view of heaven	35
It was dreams the world	36
Word of word past	37
Veteran with no legs	38
When the last burst of winter	40
The trees, the smoke, the bridge	41
The son	42
Unspoken Manifesto	43

BURIAL OF A CHILD

BURY deep that gentle form, deep bury that form
Way down in the black earth there, the cold black earth
The sealer of air and dusty breeze
Out of man's touch, do not touch the coffin
Do not touch it before gone down there out of sight,
In the cool caverns of thought cool thoughts breed.

Poignant sad child scream in the blight
Of a life not lived of a path not walked in the night,
Forget, forget that ever life was there, cool life of day
That limbs were loose there, heart free and easy, supple
Tender in the germ of him cut down, bled and begot
On a happy day singing, singing praises out of light.

Tell me not that this was all for the best
That there is a power above, guider and distant
That I should not weep, that I should not weep,
That all there is of life, love is gone dear
What consolation is there to say, to say
Ring his praises in our night, in our night.

LOOK, A SCENIC VIEW

LOOK, a scenic view
A picture postcard made real
A dash of inevitability
Of water tumbling over rock
The sound of cataract
Filigree light through trellis of sky
Making hallow the sanctuary of leaving light
Leavening motion of earth's heaving breast
Time pontificating impress of own personality.

An old mill house which flouted weather
The habitant of young love grown old
Proud in stone;
Peer now into an old mouth of stumps
Showing ravages of time,
Sequestered from modern rushes the deep gully
Shows how erosion eats the heart
There where quick yesterday pranked its coltish head
The screeching train drowns out cry resigning.

The sound of water under the red cliff
Three birches hang over
Taut as bows
To get a better view than I can
Have now the habit of age
That all bending is the written order of things;
So I stoop for Jacob's pillowing rock
To heave into the chasm below,
I know the echo not heard
Will sing itself out in heaven's rinsing.

To walk away from headwater crystal clear
Marvel that impetuous rush of river
That has swept away bridge
Leaving bare stone embankment
Shaped its pebbling stream
Is shrivelling up further down
That the nesting southing robin
One day knowing taxes my span
And gaylords it in the heart's open breaches.

IT IS THE BREADTH AND DEPTH

It is the breadth and depth of saying
Love grows in the mind's eye
That chameleon-like sees the horizon behind
With a cyclop fixity of purpose
That struggles through word
Shackled to a page's poor copy
And strikes a stark, a kindling feeling
In those who know its peculiar life.

Its tale of woe by night under eaves
The alcoholic glassy stare that drops head
On bar, a sullen thing that attempts
To unwind the curvings of a brain
Blot out a memory of one past recall
Quiet under sullen slabs of grey
Where heart wrenches piston pump in pertinent detail
Forcing pen through the white breakers.

NOW'S THE WHINNING TIME OF NIGHT

Now's the whinnying time of night
When all the world's asleep
And all things are entranced with their own beauty,
The shadows play at monking prayers
And the four-headed Cæsar gaps
Stars shine, diamonds in pitch.
They, emblems of gazers at the heights
The tell-talers of the stifled cry
Their gentling touch
Winding in and out of each blasting breeze
Sweetens taste that haunts lapping shore
Sips at the branch tip-toe
Launches the head above the rustling hair.
To touch, to touch, beyond this pace of sight.
This loved face running out of memory
Out of brimming wistful trails of suns
Sleeping in heards trickling houses trail
No breadth warms the deep heart of the dark.
So it was in the beginning fear swept the land
Door shut in door brothering sister
The first stranger came
He was welcome to my hands
The first gentle rays took life
Took life by the hands.

I SEE THEM ALL

I SEE them all the passing generation
Firm in their belief of life
Classic as ants in repetition
Of movements that give activity a sense
I feel at one with the nothingness
That pervades the scene
Struck by myself my image
Against a window pane.
All the poses struck for the photographer
Are cheese-cake gests
Of an existence not asked for
Are the tarnished tawdry modes
Not reasoned in love
But made in past animal passion
Where the spiritual tenderness
When there cried a man in Gethsemane.
Consider the past a choice of things unseen
Slits of sails, white dots
Marking their own oblivion in blue.
An armour-wrapped sky drinking its grey mummeries
Heavier than the tinker's arsenal of noises
Cementing the head.
Leaves that have gained their temporary freedom
Mealing about for a decaying union with a hard earth.
If I were to say the old saying senseless but true
You were born to die
So many blank stares would I receive
That my question would beat empty drums at the stars
Yet I would say time is short
And central image of mother with child
No suckling sweet taste of milk will last
And father, no son shall plough your field
He will move away to cities absorb new ways
And you will be a stranger tottering
Making payments on your grave.

HARLEQUINADE

THE circus jester with his paint of arms
Running through his trick of bags
Sang golden-throated, feigned a lark
The sprung feathers scattered over stream
In the sawdust hallows beyond this mean.

That hung so white over hills of peace
Blue shades under eyes shaded the blue
The eyes ran through his hair
With combs of teething claws
The grease and muck of it in this land.

They said clown in your tattering rags
In your make-up your crocodile tears
That make the children laugh their fears
Show us where the green elephants
Out of the frozen heat stand.

Make us laugh, not the tin cup's rattle
Where monkees have lost the single light
The parrots buttered worth parades the birth
Where the trappings of the oversized shoe and slapstick
Have rifled the age of lusts so gay.

The cheers with their tooth for laughter
Crammed the gut, Adam's leak leaning over centuries
The lion fierce in his bar of forest roars
The python in care of cages labours at sleep
Eve in her apple hue caught the embalmed word.

Time wears Pierrot's tears round the stallion heart
The whip master whips, cracks the face of seas
Wave on wave sprung the pavillioned tent
Floods, the pillowing hemlock soars
Tears spanked out news in child's dreaming cry.

NOW, WHEN I SCOLD THE ARRANT HOURS

Now, when I scold the arrant hours
That run their way thieving in my purse
That the coins golden at the first waking smile
Are dross to the passage that is ahead
And all the time, and all the love
That is spent, believed well spent and so
Is emptied before a beggar that alms begs
To find me whistle clean before his scowl in fine dress.

I beg the memory of finer days, when careless and free
A boy's world was real of pine and scent of pine
When I was master in thieving ways
That all I stole was the apple's hue
And stepped lighter in the air
When there came the glint of maiden's eye.

I WILL SAY THE CHOICE

I WILL say the choice is with me because I have no grave
But to accept the commandments of a fate
Scorched on a rock, undramatically by reversing towers
Then a moment sifts its shift
When green as the day is glad
Welcome a sunning morn
And harboured no resentment
To take a smile at face value
Not question the coin's other side
And child again with reserves of belief and drive
To push a way into a jungle situation
To have the rain fall off an apple skin
Then not call on an abstract heaven
The prelate's moralizing that leaves a dull creed
But wait a tear that falls
That may be vanity and luxury a grief;
The crowd did not heed
The faces did not lift
And the street bared its teeth
That I had tarried.

TO WALK ON MELTING ICE

To walk on melting ice
Feel it crack beneath feet
Like some huge spring thaw that it is
Forces eskimo to decamp
To more solid ground,
To hurry off the home ocean floor.

Underneath sliding rivers of ice
Hurry to the meeting of many mouths
Gush in a blooming profusion
Over a rock that is kicked aside
Cousins of different form
The sun will make them equal.

Lord and master all to survey
I am a clumsy bear
That has forgotten winter's stings
As all winters you must
For honey springs to gorge my fill
And then it is not enough.

THEY SAY WITH THEE

THEY say with Thee will be the all
The self-sufficient, no demands
That the rainbow's primary colours
Exposing the eye to the limitless horizon
Will be chaff before thy face;
That the lover's caress in mortal bliss
Is but a temporary miss
A hint a brushing with a breeze
On top of a hill
When life stood still.

O, PAINTER YOU PICTURE ME

O, PAINTER you picture me a woman's beauty down
Dawn through man's weakness an immemorial spreading
Nippling, startipsy in milking way
Forms rounding Leda, you swamp o'er me
Enrapture in dim mist, hazening glow in moon swung sky
The prisoning smile enigmatic remains
Draining the centuries.
From Eve's first choice the Adaming day brims
Ecstasy sings at the tip of wings,
Dips, dips, cascades from heaving heaven laden
Through kissing wings.

I MADE THE SMALL DOLL TALK

I MADE the small doll talk for you
When you lay in bed
Eyes senseless to the beautiful arrays of light
Legs numb as two branches that blow in every breeze
And your body waiting the doctor's decree
For some kinder known fate.
There was Pagliacci, the sad clown
Hand-made by the eighty-year-old woman -
And you said look I laugh
Then your eyes turned sideways to brood alone
His voice was deep and cheery
And Peter the doll you buy a dime a dozen;
Yet beside you it had a poignancy all its own.
His voice was light and joking.
With these two we made a world,
Yet I couldn't intrude a third in the play
For somehow the make belief was belief
And you were much bigger than I
I a beggar.

THIS IS THE STORY

THIS is the story of my life
Of failure built on failure
Apparent success far away as the nearest pole
That attracts iron fists that push through the earth
Like flowers, weeds that vie in the sun
For a molecule of ray that dented
The telegraphs in the sun's explosion.
I search for the hand of a friend across the centuries
Fading in shadows of a past
That eddies more intangible
Out of a language not spoken
That frustrated in mute signs cannot be understood.
And I cannot grasp this ebb of flesh
The inlets of island I cannot harbour my ship
The shore I cannot explore and derive sustenance
This is my friend fading, fading out of the sound of memory.
I would deserve a prop, a rest from the toils in my youth
From this my failure in the age came
That the doe nibbles eagerly at the first sheaves of green
Out of winter hardship searching for
Moving to land to tide a season over.
Then cover an eye that the swooping eagle
Snatches from the sky a prey
An Easter dove, the Holy Ghost of air
To know that flesh needs flesh in life's trinity.
That I am squeamish to these
The show of strength, the force of power
The heroics of battle denied by a calculating brain
That can obliterate a world by a switch.
These, these are the metaphysics of fate
They open to the mind for further questioning
And tight lipped you can ask
Open mouthed you can gasp
Ecstatic you can paint
But dimmed orb'd through a chemic tear
Remains the final act of courage.

UNPASTORAL

UNPASTORAL, with gym sweat of hot bodies
Loosening limbs in calculated gyrations
On a hard grained waxed floor, shining
Higher the dome than a double nets across courts
There is the physical movement of foreverness
Wherever twisting bend books sculptured shape
As if the orders had a meeting in destiny
Till the physical teacher came in to make his remark.
I saw the faces like yours the same
Thirty years ago they looked up at me
Every year they were different and identical
I know you have plans so I will not keep you long
Just to say, "These were the boards where I walked.
All right I'll go now, for you've listened respectfully
I'm retired and useless now."
They listened and smiled
Waiting in his place
Except one who understood
They made him leave.

IT IS THE TEAR AND DEATH

It is the tear and death of saying
He is gone now where last
The salt and rock of his earth touched the air
He winds his winding way naked
In pure shift of cold that breath hallows.
No ray here.
To the brother and sistering sky
Where day and night sits
In a mocking court of their tattered rivalries
Of dawn, no sun dappled cloud
The truth of sunseting trains
That stretch the enormity of the long night
The minds communities stand.
Sable stand the sand.
The horsing wheels rattle, break the ties
Unwheeling the footing mill
Knocks the shelling playing of the waves
Past echoing progress that did not move past three
And dug his grave in the womb of his age.

THE DRUMMER WHO DRUMMED TAPS

EVERY year somehow the picture does appear
Featured in some national magazine
There are pretty women around the crust of a hundred
With ribbons on their well-proportioned flesh
And they are allowed to sing too while exposing hips.

They parade him as a relic of some ancient past
That was just around the corner smelling war,
A confederate in grey with his hat jauntily feathered
And a sword that he never used jangling at his side
They say he was the drummer who drummed taps.

Now he has some sort of national glow
Of the time Cain stabbed Abel
And some heartfelt things were said by Cain
Who somehow touched the chord about man's brotherhood
The greys could not forget a certain ease of life.

Now they parade him in a grey car, quite with pride
As of a country too young searching for a glossy sin
For some tradition to hang its memory on
They make many movies glamourizing this past
The time of bloodshed when animal instincts carried the flag.

They feed him at home food dripping from mouth
The doctor prescribes pills and they give him shots
He carries the nearness of noble and mean deeds
Where a man should disown man and wonder
That a god still puts up with the whole wretched lot.

The mayor quite interested in the next elections
Makes the canned speech, touches the heart of a defeated part
Forced back to the fold, they still feel a defeated people
Yet his time is over, and they wheel him back to the old folks
home
Because he lived so long, the drummer who drummed taps.

IGOR SLAVIN

It was a night of dark December
When the snow fell fast and long
That all things came to a head there
Under the church's Christmas gong.

The days were without food
In a line-up for a sandwich from a nun,
They shut the doors before you Slavin
Labourer, we have all workers on a bun.

It's bad this lowly begging
When man should always have work
And there's Petruc with a family
Brings home pay counted by a company clerk.

I should have married some day
Taken some sweet wife who cares,
Who cooks my meals, warms my bed
And three children to me dares.

I'll take a piece of wood from the gutter
I'll fashion some seemly gun
I'll tar it black, so it'll look
Like the real thing, to only make him run.

I'll stop some taxi, big shot like
I'll order a ride, and I'll make a joke
You pay me, for a man wasn't meant to starve
He'll give me his all, saying, you crook.

Your one day's profits will help keep me
For one full week out of sin;
I'll be thankful not to drink the fare
But imagine I've a wife to bring.

Igor did as he planned that day
But forgot the human element
That was so long left out for him
In man's calculation in his ferment.

The driver played heroic on the city streets
Defended his lot, and a skull caved
So strong was Igor's strength
A mortuary's slab was for him who braved.

Now no one saw the taxi
He could have gone scot free
Like a common criminal he was
He also felt, but conscience saw a tree.

My god why did you move
For nothing against you I had
You were my brother dear
But the notches on my belt were bad.

He walked the streets in pain
And saw an officer under a lamp
He said I've just killed a man
I'll take you where he's all cramped.

This Igor seemed so good natured
The constable thought he had one too many
And said go home my good man
Don't play jokes or I'll take your penny.

Igor dragged him by the arm
To where the crumpled man lay
And the strong arm of the law
Was on his arm to take him away.

Now Igor had no schooling
He had no father and mother too
Grew up on the wrong side of the tracks
Did dirt work whenever for you.

Society had rejected him from the start
Said why do such people fail?
To go and burden the state
To drain our funds even for a trail.

Now they gave him some defence
Who said I'll get you off with a hanging
Present your case just as it was
Maybe play a bit on the jury's cramming.

To get home to golf and business
You are one on the roster of trials
And yours is a foregone conclusion
You killed a man and must die.

Slavin said I know, but the family
I'd like to speak to them and say
I didn't want to kill him
I just wanted some steady pay.

The jury came back very shortly
And read the verdict to the judge
And Slavic bowed his head
He knew, for it was a mother's grudge.

From where I came is a mother's womb
It has been my whole life's cell
To where they'll take me
It is the tree I saw beneath the dell.

Now all my to-morrows
They'll not be all the same
There'll not be the worry to deprive him
For what he asked he came.

What need I of chaplain
What need I of prayer
For I'd do the same again
Only now I need no one dare.

That what I came for
Was my just due, my bread
And I'll pay the price
Even though it means I'm dead.

They took him out on the scaffold
They covered his head for a reason
They say the eye pops and the tongue hangs
It's not pleasant for those observant.

And Igor said these are my last words
I did kill him for a reason
Beg I wasn't ashamed
But my life was beyond treason.

For there comes a time when a man
Must take a stand good or contrary
Like declare a war, an executive command
Cut off heads with public sanctuary.

I've paid my debt now
I'll say good-bye and thanks
For the nice care I had my last days
The sweetest ever here before my memory blanks.

So they took Igor Slavin
They hanged him by the neck
And said God's law is not man's
It is an eye for a body and stretch.

Strange the warden said
Some usually go berserk;
I've never seen one go more peacefully
Happily, you'd think we were dead.

And another said he seemed
Like one staying at some hidden hotel
That we were the servants preparing
For a better suite, ring the bell.

The coroner came and performed his duty
Felt no heart beat, and said
Yes, it seems quite sure he's dead
Let's wait till Sunday to break bread.

Yes, since he has no next of kin
Let's save the funeral expenses for the state
And donate him for dissection
For the hospitals are short of stiff.

The students studied his body
The corpse they said from prison came,
That they had no soul there
Not to bury him, he still had a debt to pay.

After they studied his heart and liver
They took apart his brain
Took soundings of his criminality
It brought a smirk to their gain.

Now if the young medics
Want to make a crack about my genitals
To make the women titter
I'm glad I'm dead I feel no bitter.

Now they buried Slavic far away
Near the prison's gate's stiles
On some unconsecrated hill
For he hadn't made peace, be still.

BALLAD

I LIKE to sit by the window
And look at the open sea
And think that a new land
Lies and waits for me.

That every vagabond steamer
Is a tramp dear to my heart
That its black patches
Have all the sailor's art.

That every gull that passes
Has gone searching a sign
To bring back to my loneliness
A hope for other times.

There is a girl that walks
She hasn't made love to me
She stares at all before her
She will not look at me.

There are days when the sea lists cruelly
That no living thing would be there
Yet its trouble is a beacon
For the peace under its care.

When the rain beats down heavy
A strong tattoo of its strength
I wish to cuddle and hide me
Afraid that my life is spent.

Now when love grows weary
And age has taken its time
Please remember that I loved her
All through my prime.

Say she has loved another
And I'll say it's true
But my love to her
Was true as life to you.

So when time sits heavy
On golden watery sands
I'll look out to the sea before me
And place all in its watery hands.

CÆSAR'S MASK

HIS active part is history now
The four classroom walls loudly construe his verbs
Use Gallic memoirs of famous battles
Long forgotten with the accent on grammar
How he deployed his troops,
The strategist has turned to dust
Summer holidays soon rinse these out of their ears.
His trumpet call to Rome, the leader's stand
Make way for the laurelled, factions watch
The general has come to rule, Cicero's rhetoric falls flat.
New images appear, wait, ambition must climb to fall
Must obey the hidden law, that sees the fox ascendent
Watch the lower prey, trust the idealist
That wields the dagger last.
But before the mob must have its spell
Build up the phrase, the grandeur that was . . .
Let the Latin sonorous not be rung
More familiar for the life must have its spell.
Did Callie's name not make him stay
Did not the bard have the poet rung
Some bad versifier took his just due
That all the blades confess
That this was the fairest and foulest deed done
Never trust an intellectual on Brutus' side
For a knife can stick with the best of reasons
Anthony pauses and there's a run on blades
Provide the best antique solution of hari-kari.
What he could have done or would is past conjecture
Except he who said let render be just.
The name was epitomized in state
Before the latest politic up north is laid to rest
Already disparaged before his breath has cooled.
How many pages in history are his due
Do his virtues outnumber his faults.
Let some important study be done
Footnoted and annexed
Let men forget the truths as surely they must

Like how many friends he forgot
Or did they make many then?
Regard the harbinger sadists and matricide
Those that hold the reins of empire,
What did we learn at the tables hard knock school
What other blood clean the streets, other heads roll,
What did we learn, did we learn, learn before
The sum of blades leads the arch to the sky.

THE PANTOMIMIST

WHAT words subtle still, subtler still
The vaulting heavens assail
The gest summoned from a past,
A history's loose memory
The hidden traces left, I the silent thief view
The course and curse of grace
Time's rape of the sensual eye
The beam of the errant flower, folded
Compressed, no base relief, for relief blessing
It is the speech of hidden acts
The grail in all that evokes a search
That under floodlights an electric shape emerges,
A manikin greased, sweating for simple effects
Controlled by hidden strings that quail at every tendon
Pull at thighs and arms of his brains
Release and evoke a scene;
It is one whose life one act a repertoire fills
I ask no more of these.
My applause is for a form who sees me near
Leads me a little further through his windings
Who says all go through life with pathetic grace
The hobo and prince are near, far at the gates
Shows the nuances of human misery
Make us jugglers before the light's votive cry.

THE IMMIGRANTS

Two old people sat outside a ramshackle house
Sunning their grey clothes,
They were allowed to live there
Who never thought of Florida
Till they settled with their last days.
The children laughing out of bounds
Still had games to play
Bouncing the ball close to their chairs
Till it almost hit them
They couldn't see the fun.
The dust of the rich
Expert in the mart
Just having left an æsthetic church
Regard them behind shining plate
To say there are institutions for these.
They were lovers of a past
Where courtship flourished
Over white bread and red wine
And a better promise
Held out in some new land.
When all said good-bye
The shining vessel could not return
For hadn't all done well
In the land of honey and gold
Where promises are cheap.
The city one large weltering shop
Thought over the five o'clock soot
As he tried to give her water,
She spilt half like a weaning child
That ran out of dark.
Singing clear of light
The sun took a last drink of day
The hovel door opened
To a subsistence pension
And with a certain gallantry
He helped her fumble indoors.

THE SIMPLEST OF SIMPLE THINGS

THE simplest of simple things
Look upon forgiving
That makes every cobbled stone
Some Christ trod step
That pilgrims vainly assay.
To the lifeward shelter
green shoots spring
And poke through an outcast wheel
A certain spring takes command
Over a debris of army scantily clad
These my mountains
Heads lost in purple passages of clouds
These members of another kind
Will search for kin
Among the star clad folk
Way out of line.

WHAT VIEW OF HEAVEN IS FAITHFUL TO MY EYE

WHAT view of heaven is faithful to my eye
Skeleton of trees that linger in a sky;
Uprooted branches that twist and turn
Writhing octopus-like on some Grecian urn.

There are times sent like the birds of a night
That hoot at some imaginary fright;
And a silent tapestry of the dark
Takes being on some golden lark.

IT WAS DREAMS THE WORLD WAS MET BY

It was dreams the world was met by
Through the airs fleeting wind
High in its Andes slithering over frail
I saw the encroaching star
Blot out the memory of its many suns.
Heart had chanced its lonely wanderings
Grail searched for some secret light
For some white thing good too simple
That had not trespassed its night
Gentle and searching out of sight.
Let the mind have its heavens
Its peaks topping over jumping
The year's winding brain
And settle for, better for, love for
A kiss that cements the poet's dream
Equals the lightning's dew
High on a peak
To make everything slop and cranny
Nothing but a dream of you.

WORD OF WORD, BEST WORD LEFT UNSAID

WORD of word, best word left unsaid
Bracing no trees young and leave pilled compost
Through a morning tripping air
Mourners trod past mound, hill of earth
Silvered with greying streaks of snow
And wreathed coned, spruced artificial
That has new grave grass padded,
Leaves no wish for the receiving.

Thought cheap before death, rib fowl
Love gone before he came, empty flakes fill a void
Belief hard under clouds, despairing a fellow;
A mountain vanished, a sky went monotone
That part has parted just always yesterday.

To ill afford the luxury of a grief
Life had onward strode sleek and tiger bound
The past too much a labyrinth with misery the prize
Yet choose a moving number on misty heaves
Once to chips in pocket on a lowered brow.

Life does not go crowning with myrtle victor
Rather seeking a height, skirting town after year of sleep
Half corked to battle, day deadening day
Oriental, a life installed the winner
Along the western slops of tears and private pain.

VETERAN WITH NO LEGS

THEY said it was a glory to defend home
So we never questioned the many barbs of word
For god and country the enemy had on their belts too
Out there across an ocean for kin and freedom they said
To harp on some catch slogan which we made real
To shoot straight so we could see sweat above eye.

The chaplain blessed us the day before we left
To be in condition for our maker,
I wonder how many I had forked and pitched
To greet him with these hands to say
It was an impersonal life I took
The superior orders proclaimed a patriotism.

Look up to higher ups, officialdom, brass
Where economics, power politics pawn the soul
We in the huge game which the mind aids
We target practice with the children unwittingly
Only this love of life is monstrous real
That a calculated risk is what to take there.

You may get yours and it's not for eating
That the lion screams and the shark silently scavenges
Some silent bullet dovetailed with your mark
Waits in infinite patience with a question mark,
It's the hidden depths where soldiers wail in despair
That sadly I came through alive in opium to see the dark.

Pride, a low subsistence pension sits me in a corner
For my war is past, a skirmish, better and bigger since
My talk is always waiting for a hand-down for pencils
The screech of young voices irk as I sit maybe in sin
It comes over me in the night a feeling past redemption
It passes, with people as I ply my low caste trade.

Mocks a question in wayward moments
Was it something big or small I did
Yet bodes an answer before the question
Excusing these were everybody's time to live
This was my particular stain, my mark of Cain
While a tin medal jeered coward in the wind.

WHEN THE LAST BURST OF WINTER HAS COME

WHEN the last burst of winter has come
I eagerly desert the house with the wish to be first
To walk on the freshly fallen snow
To search for the intangibles in the valley of the city;
I mingle my footsteps with animal tracks
Furry paw taking of ground only for support,
Trees cross stream, banks erosion
Have provided bridges for black squirrel
Stationary sentinel resembles stump of branch
Ears a twig, a greyer partner restless
On ground till up in stock of poplar.
I wonder at these airy arabelles, fleet of foot
Search for some early feathery migrant
For their's is not yet spring's smell and loosening;
The patch of wizened weeds that head havoc done
The city pigeons homing under the bridge's steel rafters
The flow of rubber like some distant sea
Knows no equality of season;
The bullfinch's cry mingles with lone staring leaves
Winter residue's tear-drops,
Walk in search of intangible,
When the last stoney metaphor is set
Deep in the matter's core
And do with these
For these are all that be.

THE TREES, THE SMOKE, THE BRIDGE

THE trees, the smoke, the bridge
Have they the permanent attached meaning
Steel blue flame that laps the fringe and beam
Subtle there grows the universal quest
The wither end of the question
The theme of man's restlessness
A fine dissatisfaction in the middling plain
Where the rabbits delicate ear
Clothes the whimperings of ecstasy.
The moon except in the poet's fancy
Is an arid place, the same rock here
An echo spreads itself out in the welkin, unencroached
The poignancy of the faded bloom, unobserved
Every beauty that goes without vision
A green pervades the scene,
Winter's rubble has burnt itself out
Lovers sit sharing the same forces as the seeds
Thinking they are much more in tune with the cosmos
The lights go on and off as at dusk
The next winter waits with the same subtle moods
Yet, spring, the arch child
Sure of gentle reprimand and expectant welcome
Enters tip-toe with its bundle of mischief
Easter-minded.

THE SON

WITH a look of devil and saint
Knows how to charm better than any coquette
Makes butter melt twice over in your mouth
Caresses then pinches the dimple on your cheek
Neglects the most expensive toys that you save to buy
Only to hold on to your keys for dear life
He arches the eyebrows as if to commit some dastardly crime
All he wants is to rake the grass that you did
He has sufficient moods to make life tickle and prick
He is a son no less.

UNSPOKEN MANIFESTO

SET the game cocks ready for the task
Place the bets on the sharper talon
Play at fools not a duel
Fine sport not sanctioned
Depending on view, the heart beats faster
Every nation has its sport, game of cards
Take a short term loan on life.

Let's say these hands stand to full view
Independent of motion from brain
With a sane and wet of their own
Private in their patricidal grief
That they strangle dear that they love
Fear not the late retribution
Far out of conscience's paralizing swing.

You love the world, my selfish being
That to be whole needed your image
To be alone, to be sane alone
Far from love, far from being
Independent our love a world claim
The explorer too far abroad did roam
Let go a country, not god, sank in goal.

The manœuver placing king on throne
Claims too heavy a debt of gratitude
That runs on short ends
Of memory of those who rule
Lay down law forget claims
So searcher runs down short passages
Knowing well end before deed is set.

The war cold with active shrieks
Silent in the centuries hence leans
To a quick flowering in threat and counter
And dapper dressed butchers lose temper
Decide the fate of the unborn, sweet in womb
Cretinal idiots, cancer and bone
Quite in good taste over ministerial tables.

Let free will run adamant
The condition of our immortality
Newspaper carry only the sensational
Like death by strangulation, headlined
And ordinary death columned, recessed
Quite natural to marvel every day
The new wonder of the grave's popularity.

They have fallen off the friends of youth
More certain than milestones on neck pond received
The dead weight of centuries tabulates
What every water waits to sink
While the agenda of the world
Waits anxiously not the centuries creative urge
The clean explosion in earth.

The power to love these not taught acquired
Not learnt in books at school
The daily arithmetic task
While city boys learn cop bait
To tantalize cultivate not hate
But exquisite boredom has its fling
Gangs cluster at corner waiting maturity.

Our time off for good behaviour
Is time for love to still time
Excuse the crime of its love
That we perpetuate our carbon copies
So the world's way permits
That is the one true treasure.

The scientific lie that manipulates
The pros and cons of death
Leads one to believe there is a single question
Life is easy for the living beyond their mean
That instruments create the pain
Hopelessly expressed means putting on the blinders
Is the firm belief, the solution of all.

To walk down the neighbouring street
Feel the wind in a questioning way
To interpret every glance and stare
On their way to brook an interference
Is it love or hate that guides
Is the choice with us so it seems
Deep down in the sky delving.

What job taken simply done
What part is required of sacrifice
That the heart and soul have chains
That every brother points the accusing finger
That older leads younger led
That mothers strive for equality
When the brood has flown the coop.

Our lives lived in selected circles
What is inevitable as the cocks crowing
Betrayal of the hermit in the hut
Who leads the way to better life
The poet's private grief expressed
The inevitable age of a world in beauty
Leaves the plasters wrinkled line.

Let the important questions
Be put aside, kept long hidden
The human yell scientifically squelched
Let us trust the leader the bartered gain
The hallowed circles for which we strive
For fringe benefits we sacrifice a lie
Dead or alive mystic is choice to live or die.

Arthur H. Stockwell Limited

Directors :

P. A. Stockwell
J. P. Stockwell
D. N. Carver

Elms Court,
Torrs Park,
Ilfracombe,
N. Devon

Book Publishers

Arthur H. Stockwell, Ltd., present their compliments, and have pleasure in sending the accompanying work for the favour of review in your columns. A voucher copy of the issue containing the review will be appreciated.

The Author is a resident of Toronto.

PS
8505
A88I8

Cattana, John
I see them all

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY
